

The second part of

Dorothy Can a weake empty vessell beare such a huge full hog's head? theres a whole marchants venture of Burdeaux stufte in him, you haue not seene a hulke better stufte in the hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee iacke, thou art going to the wars, and whether I shall euer see thee againe or no there is no body cares.

Enter drawer.

Dra. Sir, Antient pistoll's belowe, and would speake with you.

Dol. Hang him swaggering rascal, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'd st rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here, no by my faith I must liue among my neighbours, Ile no swaggerers, I am in good name, and fame with the very best: shut the doore, there comes no swaggerers here, I haue not liu'd al this while to haue swaggering now, shut the doore I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou heare hostesse?

Host. Pray ye pacifie your selfe sir Iohn, there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou heare: it is mine Ancient.

Ho. Tilly fally, sir Iohn, nere tel me: & your ancient swaggrer comes not in my doores: I was before maister Tisicke the debuty tother day, & (as he said to me) twas no longer ago than wed'sday last, I good faith, neighbor Quickly, sayes he, maister Dumb: our minister was by then, neighbor Quickly (saies he) receiue those that are ciuil, for (saide he) you are in an ill name: now a saide so, I can tell whereupon. For (saies he) you are an honest woman, and well thought on, therefore take heede what ghests you receiue, receiue (saies he) no swaggring companions: there comes none here: you would blesse you to heare what he said: no, Ile no swaggrers.

Falst. Hees no swaggrer hostesse, a tame cheter yfaith, you may stroke him as gently as a puppy grey-hound, heele not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance, call him vp Drawer.

Host. Cheter call you him? I will barre no honest man my house,

Henry the

house, nor no cheter, but I do not lo
I am the worse when one saies swag
shake, looke you, I warrant you.

Tereb. So you do hostesse.

Host. Doe I? yea in very tructh
leafe, I cannot abide swaggrers.

Enter antient Pistol, and

Pistol God saue you sir Iohn.

Fal. Welcome ancient Pistoll,
with a cuppe of sacke, do you disch

Pist. I will discharge vpon her

Fal. she is pistoll prooffe: sir, y
her.

Host. Come, Ile drink no proof
no more than will do me good, for

Pist. Then, to you mistris Dor

Doro. Charge me? I scorne you
you poore base rascally cheting lack
mouldie rogtie, away, I am meate fo

Pist. I know you mistris Doroth

Doro. Away you cutpurse rasca
by this wine Ile thrust my knife in
you play the sawcie cuttle with me
call, you basket hilt stale iuggler,
you sir: Gods light, with two poin

Pist. God let me not liue, but I
this.

John No more Pistol, I would
discharge your selfe of our compar

Host. No, good captaine Pistol

Doro. Captain, thou, abhomin
not ashamed to be called Capitaine
mind, they would trunchion you
vpon you, before you haue earnd t
flaue, for what? for teareing a poor
house: hee a capitaine hang him ro